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TEMPERANCE.

From the Maine Temperance Herald.

GEORGE JONES,

OR FIRMNESS REWARDED.

In one of those delightful villages which border the Connecticut river, a young lawyer resided to whom I shall give the name of George Jones, and though the name is fictitious, the personage is real. It was his native valley, and all around him received pleasure from the elevated character of his mind and from the fair prospect of happiness which opened upon the village belle, when as the bride of George Jones, she emigrated to a neighboring state.

Here an office was opened; and as the country was new, every desirable facility was offered Mr. Jones for rising to eminence in his profession, and nothing apparently was wanting to make life glide serenely with the youthful pair.

I have at this moment a distant recollection of the smiling features of their first born son, as year after year, he played around the dwelling of his grand father, in all the busy energy of youth, ignorant of the sorrows of his mother.

And what, it may be asked, could have thrown a shade over a scene so brilliant? I answer, it was intemperance. The details are spared; every one can picture in the imagination the deserted wife, the child of want, and the sickened hearts of the aged grandparents—every one knows that poverty and sorrow follow close upon the footsteps of intemperance. It was to in this case. Shall I not go, said the aged father of Mrs. Jones, and bring home our suffering child?

It was, however, kindly ordered otherwise; and Mrs. Jones continued the companion of her husband, and the helper of her babes.

The gentlemen of the law, located in the same region with Mr. Jones, looked on with the deepest commiseration. They knew that he might stand first in his profession, and the thought to them was painful in the extreme, that his manly mind should be chained down and debased by alcohol; and they did, what it might perhaps be well for every sober community to do, in similar circumstances; they stood aloof from his society, treating him with the entire neglect, which his conduct merited;—Meanwhile every delicate attention was extended to his suffering family. The broken hearted wife and the helpless babes, felt that they had sympathizing friends; but who can comfort such a family? A gleam of sunshine may for a moment light up their pathway, but the joy it brings is transient in duration, and mixed with sorrow that cannot be soothed. But there was mercy in store for Mrs. Jones. Her husband could ill brook the contempt with which he was treated. Pride was deeply wounded when he saw that one by one, the wise and the good had all forsaken him; and this change brought him at last to think on his ways. O how desirable that every inebriate should adopt a similar course; that he would think. To George Jones the hour of reflection, though painful, was yet salutary. He adopted the resolution, not to drink less—not to indulge only in an occasional glass—or to restrict himself to wine;—but he took the stand which alone is safe, he resolved on total abstinence, and was saved... saved, I doubt not, for time and eternity.

How pleasant to contrast the present situation of Mrs. Jones with what it would have been, had he not put forth all the energies of his mind, and adopted the manly resolution that his appetite should no longer be his master.

Year after year Mr. Jones has been a Senator in Congress—the pride and boast of his constituents, who before conferring that honor, placed him upon the bench, and showed in various other ways that none stood higher in public estimation. The talents of the father, now a humble communicant at the table of the Lord, have descended to a large family of sons, who are coming into life under the fairest auspices. And now, when the fortunes of Mrs. Jones are subject of conversation in her native valley, no man thinks of higher honor, or anticipates greater happiness for her child, than has fallen to the lot of the village belle; while the grave moralist,

when he would paint a tale, never fails to recollect the manly resolution of George Jones, or to contrast the present situation of this happy family with what it would have been had the poverty and wretchedness of the intemperate been united upon these children, with their usual attendants, neglected education, immoral scenes, and unholy parental example. Intemperate father, which shall be the portion of your children?

Extracts from a speech of the Rev. Mr. Lockhart, delivered at the annual meeting of the 'Young Men's Temperance Society,' of the City of Toronto.

It is stated in a Parliamentary document of the British House of Commons, that taking the whole of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, there is to every twenty families one place issuing intoxicating liquors. Observe, this statement does not refer only to the large towns or other populous places where the number might be expected to be large, it is the general average throughout Great Britain and Ireland, that to every twenty families there is one place issuing intoxicating liquors.

And to give you some idea of the evils consequent upon this state of things, it is also stated in the same document, that in the Navy of Great Britain and Ireland, one-sixth of the effective strength, and in the Army a much greater proportion, is as entirely destroyed by intoxicating drinks, as if the men were slain in battle.

To give you some insight into the fearful magnitude of spirit drinking in London, I will read to you the result of an "inquiry as to the number of persons who had visited fourteen of the principal spirit shops in London in seven days. In that time there had entered each of those houses, taking the weekly average, 10,175 men; 7,556 women; and 1,313 children—total, 19,248. The daily average was, 1453 men; 1,108 women; and 187 children; or, 2,749 to each. The average numbers on the Sabbath day were 1,440 men; 836 women; and 189 children—total, (and on the Lord's day remember,) 2,465. But the total numbers which entered the fourteen houses during the seven days, were—

142,553 men,
108,593 women,
18,391 children; being a total of,
269,437 persons, in seven days."

Another, and perhaps a singular mode of estimating the immense traffic in ardent spirits, and consequent injury to society, carried on by the large gin shops in London, has been stated, I believe, upon good authority. It occurred to one large establishment to save what remained of the spirits in the glasses out of which the customers drank, and simply by this means, and from this source alone, it is stated, their gains in one year amounted to the almost incredible sum, from such a source, of 500 pounds sterling.

The Coroner of Quebec, at the request of the Temperance Society of that place, gave in a report for the fifteen months preceding February 1834, from which it appeared, that of the inquests held in that period, in no less than seventy-five cases verdicts were returned of deaths from drunkenness.

But almost every individual must feel that he can say of his own neighborhood, our own eyes see scenes of misery and woe from the same cause. I will relate to you a fearful account of one, which was detailed to me a short time since, by a Minister in whose sphere of duty it occurred. He said, I called upon a man in my mission who was very ill, and thought he was going to die, and I said to him, "Well, now you are come to this, it would be good for you to think seriously, for you know you have been a wicked liver."—"Indeed, Sir," answered the man, "and it's true. I have loved drink too much, the more's the pity."—"Indeed it's just that that's brought you to this. If ever you get well you must be aware of giving in to drinking again."—"Ah, Sir, I'll not get off this bed. The age of miracles is past!"—"O come, you must not say so," said the Minister, and he felt his pulse, "you'll may be, please God, get over this yet." He had more conversation with him. The man professed strongly repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ. Indeed his apparent penitence was so marked, that the Minister (with good intentions, I have no doubt, but as I cannot but think under a mistaken sense of duty,) said to him, "When shall I come and administer the Sacrament to you?"—"Any time after to-morrow, Sir," was his answer. "And so," continued the Minister, in his narrative to me, "the day after the morrow I came and administered the Sacrament to him." Adding, "the next time I called upon him he was sitting up in his bed. The next time he was sitting in his chair. The next time he was walking about his garden, getting as well as ever he was, quite fast. I warned him again of his old failing, and urged him to shew his sense of the mercy of God in sparing him, by not sinning in this way again." But it may be asked—can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the Leopard his spots? His old habits returned upon him. "And the next place I saw him in,"

said the Minister, "was a tavern. And a fortnight after, I was called upon to bury him. He had died of a fit of apoplexy!"

SHORT SERMON.

The following pithy sermon from a pithy text has been published in England, and has met with a very extensive circulation in that country:—

"Be sober, grave, temperate."—Titus, ii. 9.

1. There are three companions with whom you should always keep on good terms:

1st, Your wife, 2d, Your stomach, 3d, Your conscience.

2. If you wish to enjoy peace, long life and happiness, preserve them by temperance. Intemperance produces:

1st, Domestic misery, 2d, Infidelity, 3d, Premature death.

To make these three points clear, I refer you:

1st. To the Newgate Callender, the Old Daily Chronicle, and the Police Reports.

2d. To the hospitals, lunatic asylums and workhouse, and

3d. To the past experience of what you have seen, read and suffered, in mind body and estate.

READER DECIDE!

Which will you choose—Temperance, with happiness and long life; or Intemperance, with misery and premature death?

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE WHITE-HEADED OR BALD EAGLE.

The following picturesque description of the White-headed or, as it is commonly called, the Bald Eagle, and its predatory habits, is extracted from the fourth volume of Wilson's American Ornithology.

The celebrated cataract of Niagara is a noted place of resort for those birds, as well on account of the fish procured there, as for the numerous carcasses of squirrels, deer, bears, and various other animals, that in their attempts to cross the river above the falls have been dragged into the current, and precipitated down that tremendous gulf, where, among the rocks that bound the rapids below, they furnish a rich repast for the vulture, the raven, and the Bald Eagle, the subject of the present account.

This bird has been long known to naturalists, being common to both continents, and occasionally met with from a very high northern latitude, to the borders of the torrid zone, but chiefly in the vicinity of the sea, and along the shores and cliffs of our lakes and large rivers. Formed by nature for braving the severest cold; feeling equally on the produce of the sea and of the land; possessing powers of flight capable of outstripping even the tempests themselves; unawed by anything but man; and from the ethereal heights to which he soars, looking abroad, at one glance, on an immeasurable expanse of forests, fields, lakes, and ocean, deep below him, he appears indifferent to the little localities of change of seasons; as in a few minutes he can pass from summer to winter, from the lower to the higher regions of the atmosphere, the abode of eternal cold, and from thence descend at will to the torrid or the arctic regions of the earth. He is therefore found at all seasons in the countries he inhabits, but prefers all such places as have been mentioned above, from the great partiality he has for fish.

In procuring these, he displays, in a very singular manner, the genius and energy of his character, which is fierce, contemplative, daring, and tyrannical; attributes not exerted but on particular occasions; but, when put forth, overpowering all opposition. Elevated on the high dead limb of some gigantic tree that commands a wide view of the neighboring shore and ocean, he seems calmly to contemplate the motions of the various feathered tribes that pursue their busy avocations below; the snow-white gulls slowly winnowing the air; the busy *tringa* (sandpipers) coursing along the sands; trains of ducks screaming over the surface; silent and watchful cranes, intent and wading; clamorous crows, and all the winged multitudes that subsist by the bounty of this vast liquid magazine of nature. High over all these hovers one whose action instantly arrests all his attention. By his wide curvature of wing, and sudden suspension in air, he knows him to be the fish-hawk (*Pandion Haliastur*, Savigny) settling over some devoted victim of the deep. His eye kindles at the sight, and balancing himself, with half-opened wings, on the branch, he watches the result. Down, rapid as an arrow from heaven, descends the distant object of his attention, the roar of its wings reaching the ear as it disappears in the deep, making the surge foam around. At this moment the eager looks of the eagle are all ardour; and levelling his neck for flight, he sees the fish-hawk once more emerge, struggling with his prey, and mounting in the air with screams of exultation. These are the signal for our hero, who, launching into the air, instantly gives chase, and soon gains on the fish-hawk; each exerts his utmost to mount above the other, displaying in the rencontre the most elegant and sublime aerial evolutions. The unincumbered eagle rapidly advances, and is just on the

point of reaching his opponent, when, with a sudden scream, probably of despair and honest execration, the latter drops his fish; the eagle, poisoning himself for a moment as if to take a more certain aim, descends like a whirlwind, snatches it in his grasp ere it reaches the water, and bears his ill-gotten booty silently away to the woods.

These predatory attacks and defensive manoeuvres of the eagle and fish-hawk are matters of daily observation along the whole of our seaboard, from Georgia to New England, and frequently excite great interest in the spectators. Sympathy, however, on this as on most other occasions, generally sides with the honest and laborious sufferer, in opposition to the attacks of power, injustice, and rapacity, qualities for which our hero is so generally notorious, and which, in his superior, man, is equally detestable. As for the feelings of the poor fish, they seem altogether out of the question.

MIGRATION OF FISHES.

The following is a spirited and amusing description of the periodical passage of fish from the Black Sea through the Bosphorus, or channel, above Constantinople:—

The wind continuing for two or three days from the north, we were surprised at beholding a singular rippling appearance in the midst of the waters of the Bosphorus, forming a dark serpentine line about a mile and a half in length. Over and all around this rippling was assembled a prodigious concourse of aquatic fowls, swans, cormorants, pelicans, penguins, solain geese, ducks, quails, divers, &c. which shrieked in hoarse concert as they dived upon the myriads of pelamides (for such they were) which floated down in mid-channel. While we were beholding this singular phenomenon from the windows of the palace, the boats from Constantinople and the adjoining villages began to arrive, and then commenced that ancient fishery which has been so much celebrated in the golden verses of Oppian.

But to return: this shoal proved only the advanced guard of the grand army of pelamides, which were coming down from the *Palus Maotis*, terrified by the first approach of the bleak northern blasts and equinoctial gales.

Before mid-day, some hundred boats having arrived, the numbers of fish captured were prodigious. The boats were navigated by Turks, Arabians, and Greeks habited in the diversified and richly coloured costume of their respective nations, throwing their seines, and pulling against the rapid current; bawling, shouting, and wrangling for the prize, for which they were even forced to contest with the fowls of the air, who intrepidly descended to seize the fish when struggling amidst the meshes of their nets. They gave life and animation to the picture, which, surrounded by the sublime scenery of the Bosphorus, constituted, as a whole, one of the most superb and impressive spectacles I had ever beheld. This occupation continued, without ceasing, day and night till the fourth morning, when the last of the shoal passed Therapia. *Pelamys* is the term given by the ancients to the young tunny when under a year old. The tunny is the same with the Spanish mackerel, a large fish of the scomber kind, the *scomber thynnus* of Linnæus, the *argynus limosa*, and *pelamys*, of other writers. It has eight or nine fins in the hinder part of the back, which, as well as the abdominal fins, rise from a deep furrow. The tail is of a semi-lunar shape.

The tunny was a fish well known and highly prized by the ancients, having constituted, from the earliest ages, a great source of riches and commerce to the nations inhabiting the shores of the Mediterranean, and in fact, being the principal food of the people of Bithynia. The periods of its arrival in the Mediterranean sea were observed, and stations for taking the fish were established on the capes and inlets most favorable to that occupation.—*Dr. Neale's Travels.*

AGRICULTURAL.

ON SMUTTY WHEAT.

Much having been said respecting smutty wheat, I offer an account of my own experience on this subject during nearly half a century.

In 1787, I hired some land in Hallowell for the purpose of trying experiments. Having noticed the assertion, that where a smutty head appeared, all the heads from the roots, or seed which produced it would be smutty, I concluded that the cause might be in the seed. Hence I put into water as much common salt as the water would dissolve, and gradually poured into two quarts of smutty wheat skimming off the light seed. The brine was then weakened lest the vegetating portion of the wheat should suffer, and after ten hours the brine was poured off, and the seed allowed to drain on a floor. Lime was then mixed with the seed which was then sown in a place prepared for it. Adjoining this steeped seed two quarts of the same smutty wheat was sown. In the result the steeped wheat had no smutty ears, the unsteeped very smutty. By this experiment I was confirmed in

the opinion that the cause of smut in the latter was the imperfection in the seed, and one of two causes might have occasioned the smut.

1. That the seed that produced the smutty wheat, had not received the farina of the male of the plant, and was in consequence imperfect, or,

2. That the farina, or male part of the smutty wheat had passed to the germ of the female part of the seed, and that the smut thus passed from one seed to another.

Not having a perfect recollection of the examination I made in 1787, I will not affirm that all the ears were smutty that grew from the same root; but I state the observation as far as I have carried it, and confirm it by the following fact.

Some wheat was purchased that grew in Dexter, and was divided between myself and another person; the latter not having steeped his seed had a smutty crop, while mine, which was steeped, proved free from smut.

Some persons think lime indispensable in preparing the seed for sowing, but I have had the same success in the use of Plaster of Paris, or wood ashes. Success has followed the use of lime, spread on the land free from limestone, at the time the seed is sown; the quantity to be used about one and a half casks to the acre. The famous Arthur Young had no compassion for a man who would not use a proper steeping of some kind for his seed wheat. That proper steeping, in the experience of half a century, is some guide to a judicious farmer, who knows besides that smutty wheat sells for a reduced price in the market, and if used at home, that it makes inferior bread.

I shall close with a few remarks on the two causes of smutty wheat, with the hope that other persons will be disposed to pursue the subject, and give the result through the Maine Farmer.

I am rather inclined to view the first mentioned cause in preference to the second; and particularly if all the heads are found to be smutty from the same root or seed, I think that it clearly follows that the defect must be in the seed rather than in the farina of the smutty head.

As regards the second cause. The farina of the male of the smutty wheat may impregnate the germ of the female part of another seed, but this may be partial and not effect all the ears from the same stock or root, and if it does not it may fairly be inferred that smut is caused by an imperfection in the seed sown rather than by the farina of an imperfect or smutty ear, passing to the female part of another ear.

It is a fact that if the male blossom of a vine, such as melon or cucumber, is plucked off before it opens, the fruit on the same plant will come to perfection and have seed, but that seed will not produce fruit. It was this fact that in some measure led me to the conclusion that the cause was the imperfection in the seed.—*Maine Farmer.*

An improved Bee Hive.—The box or hive to be made of an inch plank, say about two feet three inches by twelve inches wide; the upper part of the box to be partitioned off, allowing just space sufficient to admit a drawer of about ten by twelve inches deep. This drawer is to slide upon the horizontal partition, and to be made to fit the inside of the box exactly. In the bottom of the drawer a hole is to be made, say about one and a half inch in diameter, and a corresponding one in the partition, so as to allow the bees to pass up from the lower part of the hive into the drawer. In the outer side of the drawer, a pane of glass is to be fixed, in order to ascertain when the drawer is filled with honey. Over the glass a sliding shutter is to be placed, to exclude the light; or the upper end of the plank, forming the back side of the box, or hive, may be sawed off, and fastened with a hinge and button, so as to answer in place of the sliding shutter. When the honey is wanted for use, remove the shutter from before the glass, and having ascertained that the drawer is filled, introduce a little smoke into the top of the drawer by means of a tobacco pipe; and when the bees have been driven into the lower part of the hive, separate the drawer and partition with a case knife, remove the drawer, and having emptied it, return it to its place again, and the bees will commence working in it immediately. By this method the honey will be always pure, without pee-bread, or dead bees, and not a single bee destroyed; and moreover, it has been tested by many years trial, and found to answer the intention completely. Z.

P. S.—The drawer should have a top screwed on, so as to be more readily opened when the honey is to be taken out; and any space between the drawer and the sides, or top of the hive, should be filled with some kind of cement, so as to prevent insects from making a lodgment within the hive.

All plants, whether in the garden, field, or forest, if in rows, should be placed in the direction of north and south, in order to admit the sun's rays every day equally to both sides of the row.

A good quantity of old cheese is the best thing to eat when oppressed with any kind of food.—*Almanac.*—(P. S. If the remedy create new distress, why, take another dose of cheese.—*Printer.*)

For the Mississkoui Standard.

The plan of settling the Townships was that of encouraging companies, as we learn from the following extract, from the Report of a Committee of the Council, addressed to Gov. Clarke, dated the 17th March, 1792. "There can be no hope of accomplishing the Royal intention, if each planter is to explore the country, and petition, and sue out a Patent for himself alone; such a course being incompatible with the abilities of the proper occupant of the portion to be taken out of a great wilderness for one or two small tracts or farms; but the success must depend upon associated companies, for a Township to be divided amongst them; conducted by a leader, able to make the necessary advancements for the company, and looking for his recompense out of the shares of the grantees; as they shall have mutually agreed, when the Patent shall be passed."

Thus we learn that the first settlers of the Townships were instructed by the Government to form themselves into companies as the only way in which settlements could be made. The proclamations of the King, addressed to the old subjects, still residing in the colonies after they had obtained their independence, whose attachment to his Majesty's government was known and appreciated, invited such of them as had the desire to come into Canada. Accordingly, grants of various tracts of the waste lands of the Crown were made to old loyalists, by the government, very soon after the revolutionary war, and continued to be made from time to time, by giving location tickets, as pledges of legal titles at a future period. In the faith of location tickets, issued by the Governor and Council, very many families came on and commenced settlements in the Townships. At that time there was no law to authorize the granting of the English tenure in free and common socage. The feudal title was the only one in force, which, neither the Government wished to extend nor the settlers to accept. The Royal proclamations held out the promise of the English tenure. From 1783 to 1791, the settlements went on till more than one hundred Townships were partially settled with good inhabitants, and able bodied men, accustomed to the clearing of wild lands, before the year 1800.

In the year 1791, what has been called the Constitutional "Act," was passed in the British Parliament. This "Act," among many other provisions, confirmed and gave effect to all the promises of the Royal Proclamations, issued from the year 1763, until that time, touching his Majesty's intention of granting the waste lands of the Crown in free and common socage. The settlers that came as early as 1783, and subsequently, had every expectation that their tickets, after the passing of the Act 31. Geo. III. Chap. 31 would soon be superseded by a legal title; but instead of having just expectations realized, they were doomed to be the victims of hope delayed, to the sickening of the heart; till many years afterwards. According to Mr. Bouchette's Tables, there was not a single title passed till the 2d Feb., 1796, for the Township of Dunham, to the late Judge Dunn, that is, not until five years after the passing of the Act, and only thirteen Townships had been chartered prior to the year 1800. Thus, people who had embarked their all, were kept in suspense for at least sixteen years.

Until the Act 31 Geo. III. Chap. 31, the excuse, on the part of the executive Council, was, that till there was a law to that effect, legal titles could not be granted. This excuse was certainly good; but when the "Act" was passed, the settlers had every reasonable ground to expect that their titles would be issued without delay. But no sooner was one excuse swept away than another was summoned to their aid from an unexpected quarter. The Surveyor-General, it was alleged, was unable to procure a sufficient number of surveyors to lay out the Townships into lots. Why then, it may be asked, was not this difficulty foreseen and provided against in time? There was time enough to do it between the years 1783 and 1791. But the subject was hardly thought of till we find the following entries in the minutes of the Land Committee, dated 13th July, 1793. "The Committee beg leave to observe that, the applicants for lands from the late colonies (now the States of Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Connecticut,) after having obtained the desired assurances of grants of the waste lands of the Crown, in terms of your Excellency's proclamation of the 7th of last February, have gone back to those countries, and their return may be soon expected, with many hundreds of industrious men, who, as they say, anxiously wish to be admitted as British subjects, nothing doubting but they may immediately take possession of the lots they have been made to expect. Should they be disappointed, from a want of surveyors, or otherwise to lay out the tracts intended for them, they must remain idle in the woods, or return from whence they came. In the humble opinion of this Committee, every possible means should be used to prevent this threatened evil. A check of this nature given to the present spirit of emigration into the Canadas, would deprive the Province of an opportunity of increasing the population of the country, and of adding to its wealth, by the ingress of skillful, industrious farmers, in great numbers. It is therefore submitted, whether the Surveyor-General may not be required to set to work a great number of surveyors, without loss of time." The following entry in the minutes of the Council, on the 10th October, 1792. "And as after all, it may so happen through a want of surveyors in the field, that the intended occupants, or grantees of a Township, may arrive at the spot before the return of the surveyor, the Committee recommend, as a means to anticipate the best course on such an event, that it be made a subject for the deliberation and the report of the surveyor and deputy surveyor-general, and that

an order issue that they do from time to time give the earliest information, as to what tract or Township it may have happened, or is like to happen; such an event affecting the Royal interest and the common tranquility, and being in the highest degree interesting to all that come to settle in a reliance upon the public faith and invitation."

These minutes of Council gave great satisfaction at the time, and encouraged the settlers to wait in the confident hope that the Land Board felt interested in their welfare, and would do them justice. But when we come down as far as the 20th June, 1798, and meet with the following entry in the minutes of the Council, we may imagine what the feelings of the settlers were, but we cannot realize them. The extract is from a Report of a Committee of the whole Council, to Gov. Prescott, upon a communication made by his Excellency of certain regulations, received from his Majesty's Secretary of State, for issuing the legal grants to the associated applicants in the Townships. Whereupon the Committee of the whole Council observed: "The directions now communicated to the Board are framed upon the principle of giving encouragement to a procedure which the Executive Council have ever thought it their duty to inhibit and repel to the utmost. By the second direction it appears that a preference is to be shown to those associated applicants who are actually settled on the lands. In which terms the Committee are necessarily led to include unauthorized settlers, as it is notorious that almost all settlements, hitherto made, have been entered upon without title." As I observed before, there was no legal grant made till 1796, and then only to a few. The last entry, therefore, is in direct contravention to the other minutes, here cited, and shew that a spirit had entered the Council Chamber strongly inimical to the British interests in the Province. The report had soon got out respecting the position of affairs. The settlers that had come on confiding in the faith of Government, found themselves abused, betrayed, and ruined, by a cabal in the Council, that proved too strong not only for the associated applicants, but also for the honest and patriotic Governor, Sir Robert Prescott. Samuel Gale, Esq. in his life time, of the Township of Farnham, was sent home as the agent of the associates, to lay their unfortunate case at the foot of the throne. This gentleman, the most fit and proper, the most capable from his distinguished attainments and habits of business, and the best acquainted with all the facts of the case, that could any where be found, did, in behalf of his employers, all that man could do. He put the government in possession of all the proceedings of the Land Board; contrasted them with the promises, and pledges, and invitations of the King's Proclamations under which the associates had come to Canada, and the result was, Legal Titles were ordered to be issued as soon as circumstances would permit. But the remedy in too many painful instances was too late. Many had already been sacrificed, and gathered to their fathers, and could not be benefitted by an act of tardy justice. The Eastern Townships, before the year 1800, were deprived of thousands of his Majesty's loyal subjects who meant to preserve their allegiance, and their connection with the British Crown, by emigrating into Canada. The Land Board, at Quebec, from what causes I know not, defeated in some way or other, from year to year, the most gracious intentions of his Majesty, and embittered the lives of thousands of meritorious subjects, more calculated than any other for settling a new country.

The people of the Townships should look back, and reflect on the hardships and disappointments of their fathers and kindreds, from the year 1791, till they obtained their legal titles, not one of which before 1796, and hardly any worth mentioning, till after 1800. Many of them were a prey to the fears and doubts which unreasonable delays were calculated to create, from their first removal into the country in 1783. The privations and sufferings incidental to the settling a new country, without roads, without mills, without every convenience, they were prepared to encounter and, if possible, to surmount, but it never could have entered their minds that, year after year, they should have to perform wearisome journeys on foot, one after another, through the trackless forests, to Quebec, and there knock at the doors of the well fed gentlemen, who composed the Land Board, in vain.

After the year 1791, the Act 31. Geo. III. Chap. 31, came into operation, and we had a Provincial Legislature. Under the eye of the Assembly the cruel proceedings of the Land Board were going on. Did the Representatives of the people, who have always assumed the character of patriots, and defenders of the people's rights, lend their powerful aid to remove the grievances which ground the fathers of the Townships to the very dust? Did they send emissaries to the dreary woods to encourage the disappointed settlers with offers of protection? No! they saw and understood the proceedings of the Land Board, and rejoiced. Emigrants, whether from Great Britain or loyalists from the Old Colonies, were then, as now, viewed as foreigners. They thought, as they now boldly proclaim, that England had no right to grant or to give land to foreigners, and all are foreigners to them who are not of French descent. The business of the Land Board went on as if in collusion with them, and when the Townships appeared completely blighted, as if the curse of sterility had already been irrevocably pronounced, that honorable House, that patriotic Assembly, about the year 1798, congratulated the Executive Council and the country for, as they supposed, the effectual check that had been given to the settlement of the Townships!

Whether a collusive understanding existed between the Land Board and the Assembly for the destruction of the settlers I know not, but the work was done as certainly as if there had. The King invited the old loyalists as British subjects,

to settle the waste lands, and to remain as a part of the British family. The new subjects of a French nation, entertaining the notion that they made a nation, had no great liking to see what they deemed foreigners, and were glad to find that the Land Board, whether intentionally or otherwise, suited their views.

Alas! how few of the leaders and associates of the Townships have been able to retain any property for the support of old age, or for their children! They spent their all in procuring their titles, and in laying open the forests for settlement. Generally speaking, they are now forgotten, unknown and extinct. The House of Assembly, having undoubtedly winked at their destruction, if they had not a deep hand in it themselves, are now cajoling the inhabitants of the Townships, as if they had never done them injury but good. But let the Townships ask them, why did you not befriend our fathers, in the time of need?

What a pity that we have not a faithful succinct history of the settlements in the Townships since the year 1783.

Embalming.—It would seem from the following paragraph, which we copy from the London Athenaeum of the 7th Jan. that the lost art of embalming dead bodies has been re-discovered, and indeed with circumstances of excellence unknown to the ancients. On the 6th of March last, Professor Franchina of Palermo, embalmed a body in the anatomical theatre at Palermo. On the 14th of May, consequently more than two months afterwards, this new mummy was again examined in presence of several hundred persons. The features of the deceased had undergone no alteration; the body was perfectly flexible; the flesh had the natural hue of death, but not the slightest smell of putrefaction was perceptible. The viscera, which according to this new method, need not be removed, were all preserved, especially the lungs, which were found, on examination, in the most perfect state. The means employed by the Professor are not stated—indeed it appears that he makes a secret of them. Lary, surgeon in chief of the French army, employed for this purpose sublimate of mercury, which has very lately been applied by Kyan to the prevention of dry rot in timber. The body was laid in a solution of the sublimate, which was kept of equal strength by small bags of the sublimate suspended in it. "I have myself seen," says Dr. Nurberger, the writer of the article from which this paragraph is translated "a body treated in this manner, which was carried through New Mark (Bradenburgh) after the battle of Eylau, and which was in perfect preservation; but the bowels, as well as the eyes had been taken out." Franchina must, therefore, be acquainted with another process.

BANFF.—A few days ago there was discovered by some workmen employed in digging a ditch in the hill of Macduff, a pair of antique bracelets, of gold, a spear head, and several pieces of pure gold. The articles were contained in a pot or jar of terra cotta. Last week, as some workmen were again digging near the same place, they touched upon another jar of the same material, containing a long brass chain, a pair of curiously finished ear-rings, and several bracelets, all of brass, except the ear-rings which were covered with a thin plate of pure gold. The jar in which they were contained was unfortunately broken in the digging. No sarcophagus or remains of bones were seen near them to induce a belief that they were a votive offering to manes of the dead; and we are, therefore, left to conclude that they had been deposited there by the owners in troublesome times for safety, as precious relics. These articles, as well as those found some years ago, are now in the possession of the Earl of Fife, Lord of the Manor. As some workmen were lately clearing out the foundation of a new house in the lower part of the town of Banff, they found a jar containing a great number of silver coins, which, on examination, proved to be of the reigns of Robert Bruce, Alexander I., and Edwards I. & III. Some of them are in a beautiful state of preservation. The jar in which they were contained resembled those now known by the name of *greybeards*, but wider in the mouth. They are about the breadth of a six-pence, but much thinner.—*Scotch Paper.*

ORIGIN OF THE WORD QUIZ. Very few words ever took such a run, or was saddled with so many meanings, as this monosyllable; and, however strange the word, 'tis still more strange that not one of our lexicographers, from Bayley to Johnson, ever attempted an explanation, or gave a derivation of it. The reason is very obvious. It is because it has no meaning, nor is it derived from any language in the world ever known from the Babylonian confusion to this day. When Richard Daly was patentee of the Irish theatres he spent the evening of a Saturday in company with many of the wits and men of fashion of the day; gambling was introduced, when the manager staked a large sum that he would have spoken, all through the principal streets of Dublin, by a certain hour next day, Sunday, a word having no meaning, and being derived from no known language—wagers were laid, and stakes deposited. Daly repaired to the theatre, and dispatched all the servants and supernumeraries with the word "Quiz," which they chalked on every door and every shop window in town. Shops being shut all next day, every body going to and coming from their different places of worship, saw the word, and every body repeated it, so that "Quiz" was heard all through Dublin; the circumstance of so strange a word being on every door and window caused much surprise, and ever since, should a strange story be attempted to be passed current, it draws forth the expression—*you are quizzing me.*

For the Mississkoui Standard.

THE STANDARD TRIED.

MR. EDITOR:—To say simply that I take the Standard and peruse it regularly, would be to say no more, perhaps, than what hundreds of others can say: but I have done more than this. I have aimed, as I think it the duty of every intelligent man to do, by personal judgment myself to test the standard. This I have done as often as your sheet came to hand.

I have had two especial reasons for this course. The first was to satisfy my own mind that your sentiments were *loyal and just*, and that I was not in your sheet placing before those who look up to me for instruction, things which I would not that they should learn. And the second was that I might have reasons wherewith to answer those who object to the Standard; for it is not infrequent that I meet with persons of a "gainsaying disposition;" and to satisfy their scruples I always labour in all kindness.

I do not intend to speak now of objections to the politics of your paper—perhaps I may at another time; neither of its literary character, directly; but of the remark of some,—my friends and yours; not captious, but regular and unyielding Standard-bearers;—That they like the Standard well, and will abide by it; but they should like it better were the pieces you print a little different.

How I treat this matter, Mr. Editor, I shall, with your leave, explain; for I think few will have minds for fault-finding who understand it rightly; and many do not understand it rightly because it is not explained.

"Have you received your Standard, this week, Mr. L.?" said Mr. D., a neighbour of mine, to me.

Mr. L.—Yes. And the editor has given us a very good sheet I think this week.

Mr. D.—Why, yes; good, I suppose, after a sort. But I don't like so many speeches and long accounts of political matters. I don't read half of them.

L.—You do not? Well, neighbour D. let me ask if you are not yourself wrong here? Those "long accounts of political matters" which you speak of, can be no other than certain articles written in the Province on those questions wherein the radicals and the Tories differ: and certain articles from across the waters, shewing how the parent Government, and the wise heads and unbiased hearts of England, consider our affairs. The difficulties existing here, what resident should not know? And how England will conduct herself in regard to them, who is willing to be ignorant? No sensible man, neighbour D., who is a citizen of the province, should be unacquainted with these things. And how can a fair investigation of those great questions which now stir this province come into a five minutes reading? It could not: we need to read much and to reflect much before we can be qualified to act the part of good citizens in these matters. Does not the Standard well, therefore, to supply so abundantly what we so absolutely need?

A silence, Mr. Editor, on the part of my neighbour, shewed the point yielded; and that there is one less who will find fault with your political news until he shall be able to say of what you print—that he knew all about this before: and I think this will not be very soon.

D.—But then, (said D. again) if the political matter is necessary to keep us from being ignorant, the rest of the paper might be different.

L.—True, it might be different; but why should it? As you are a farmer, you must like something on agriculture every week: you are a temperance society man, and must be pleased with a little temperance news: you do not countenance vice, and must therefore be glad to see morality inculcated. And then the Standard has poetry and biography. Poetry you say is for women. True, it finds in woman a spirit in harmony with its own—gentle and loves-inspiring—and so it is for woman. But by it also man is made the better; his sternness is softened; his disposition, naturally fitted to the out-door storms of life, is by it calmed to the social converse of the family circle and the cheerful hearth,—and so it is not *inapt* to man. But biography is fitted to all. *Fitted* I say. The lives and deeds of great men—particularly our own great men—should be as familiar to us as companions' names. To know Johnson and Shakespeare and Nelson, is no credit to us, to be sure, more than it would be to know our king; but not to know them is *discreditable* and wrong.

D.—I can't say that I have any objections to all this; but then this is not all which a newspaper should contain.

L.—You are right: neither is it all that the Standard has contained. Under the head of miscellany, we have read many very good things: and articles of foreign and domestic news have not been few. In fact, we have seen but four Standard papers yet; and I must say, that, long as I have been in the habit of reading newspapers, I have very seldom met with a country news sheet that, in variety and excellence of articles equalled these; and you will recollect, too, that they are the first, and that the paper will probably improve. But what is the kind of pieces you would like?

D.—Why I don't *dis-like* these: but I should like now and then to read a good story, and some anecdotes—these are real amusing.

L.—Very true, they are amusing, in the strict sense of the word. They hinder any thing like intellectual effort—they take the mind off from any attempt at deep thought—and they make one superficial and foolish. Good stories are rare: the market is full of trash under the name of stories; and seven-tenths of readers are eager for this trash. Pardon me, neighbour D, if I seem to speak warmly on this point. I call the majority of newspaper stories *trash*; unfit to be sought after by the being called man. They are trash, for they gratify no faculty of the soul but the imagination, and that, in time, they ruin. The pleasure arising from their perusal is like intemperate drinking. In one case the body is intoxicated, in the other the mind; and lassitude succeeds both; and the intellectual tippler is the worse person of the two. I feel sad that the disposition of the community is to seek such food for the mind, while that which is wholesome is rejected. How much know we of our neighbouring counties, of our neighbouring provinces, or states? How much know we of the government at home? how much of its neighbouring empires? What is there of Asia and Africa that we are not ignorant of? How much more becoming in us as men would it be to seek intelligence on these things, than to be

eager for stories which we know are lies—which cannot be repeated because they are false—and which are unfit even for children. But again, how much do we know of agriculture scientifically? How much do we know of government, in which we are so much interested? And what of mechanics, and the myriads of improvements which have taken place therein within the last few years, and are still taking place? Would it not be wise in us to be more eager for knowledge on these points, than to scold for the want of a story? And moreover, how much room would there be for stories in a newspaper which should give due notice of these more important matters?

D.—But would you have an editor print no stories?

L.—I would not entirely exclude them, provided the moral of the tale were good; but I would have them only occasional in any paper.

D.—But if the majority of readers required it, why not? Should not an editor be governed in his labours by the public taste?

L.—No, most assuredly not. For if he be fit for his place, the editor is an intelligent man; possessing acquisitions above the ordinary level of men; and prepared to mould rather than to administer to a moulded public taste. As the teacher to the pupil, and the minister to his flock, so is the editor to his readers—the guide, not the guided; and he is accountable for what does not, as well as for what does, appear in his paper. If he is well educated he sees that the mass of the public mind needs rectifying and elevating—and he must labour to remedy these defects. If he is honest, the high principles in literature which were based in his own understanding while he walked in the pathways of science,—and of moral— which have their fixed abode in his heart, will never be *fallen* from in any trial; so that they shall remain a safe guide to others and in time become more generally adopted principles.

Perhaps you may yourself be ready to ask by this time, Mr. Editor, if I really mean to say that I am perfectly satisfied with the Standard? I cannot quite say this. My taste requires some very different reading from any which you have given me thus far: yet I find no fault; for what does not suit me I know will please another, and so I am content.—I sometime since came across the translation of a passage from an ancient author (Erasmus), which has been of much service to me in this matter of judging literary productions; and I will add it for the benefit of your readers. It applies as well to a newspaper as to a book:

"A reader should sit down to a book, especially of the miscellaneous kind as a well-beloved visitor does to a banquet. The master of the feast exerts himself to satisfy all his guests; but if after all his care and pains there should still be something or other put on the table that does not suit this or that person's taste, they politely pass it over without noticing the circumstance, and command other dishes, that they may not distress their kind host, or throw any damp on his spirits. For who could tolerate a guest that accepted an invitation to your table with no other purpose but that of finding fault with every thing put before him, neither eating himself, or suffering others to eat in comfort. And yet you may fall in with a still worse set than even these,—with churls that in all companies and without stop or say will condemn and pull to pieces a work which they had never read. But this sinks below the baseness of an *Informers*, yea, though he were a false witness to boot! The man, who abuses a thing of which he is utterly ignorant, unites the infamy of both—and in addition to this, makes himself the pandar and sycophant of his own and other men's envy and malignity."

OLD PHILIP.

May 8th, 1835.

From the Journal of Commerce.

MR. EDITOR.—The navigation of the Ocean, by steam, to a much greater extent than at present, seems to be as certain as any future event. Such improvements as have been made, within a short time, and such as experience is daily making, clearly indicate that but a short period will elapse, before steam packets will be performing trips between this country and Europe, upon an average, in 13 days.

Whether New York, or Boston, will be the port, on this side of the Atlantic, from which a line of steam packets will be started, depends on some circumstances, soon to be developed. The most prominent point of arrival and departure, on the other side of the Atlantic, may be Valencia, or some contiguous port, on the Western coast of Ireland. My main object, at present, is, not so much to remind the citizens of the Commercial Emporium of the fact that great improvements in the navigation of the sea, by steam, have been made, and are making, as to induce them to be alive to their interests; to warn them to look at the signs of the times, in another paragraph.

SHISHAKS VICTORY OVER REHOBOM.—The truth of this part of sacred history has lately received a most remarkable confirmation. One of the great palaces of the Egyptian King at Karnac was partly built by Shishak, or as the Egyptians called him Sheshook, and on one of the walls, which is still standing; Champollion, in his visit to the Thebes in 1828, discovered a piece of sculpture representing the victories of this Pharaoh, who is dragging the chief of thirty conquered nations to the idols worshipped at Thebes. Among the captives is one, the hieroglyphics upon whose shield contain the words *Ioudaba Melek*, which means King of Judah. The figure, therefore, represents Rehobom, the only Jewish king vanquished by Shishak; and thus, after the lapse of two thousand eight hundred years, we have the unexceptionable testimony of an enemy, to the faithfulness of Scripture History.

NOBILITY OF GLASS-BLOWERS IN FRANCE.—In consequence of ancient and inveterate prejudices, all the members of the French Nobility who entered into trade were deprived of their station, and denied by their Peers; two classes of industry were, however, exempt from this proscription—the forges and the glass-works. No Nobleman degraded who became either a glass blower or a blacksmith, which is the cause that in old books, with engravings on the art of glass-making, the glass-blowers are represented blowing their bottles with swords by their sides. This privilege, now effaced from the French code, has nevertheless, been kept alive by custom. The glass-blowers only teach their craft to their own children, or to those of other glass-blowers. Their families form alliances only amongst themselves, and the secret of their calling is confined to their own lineage, and handed down from father to son. A short time since M. Dorlodot, the proprietor of a glass-work at Auzin, was desirous on his own private authority, and on account of the wants of his establishment, to create a glass blower of one who was not of pure blood but on hearing of his intention, the whole tribe of glass blowers rebelled against his decree, and declared that they would not permit the entrance of an intruder. M. Dorlodot was resolved to maintain his original determination, and a general disturbance ensued. At present the affair is under discussion, and it is thought that terms of accommodation will be agreed on; but the honour of the glass-blowers will come out of the conflict pure and untarnished.

FRELIGHSBURG, MAY 12, 1835.

Persons in Montreal, intending to be subscribers for the Standard, are respectfully requested to leave their names at the book-store of Messrs. J. & T. A. Starke, Notre-Dame street.

Editors in the United States who exchange with us, will please direct their papers to Highgate Post-office.

For the Mississkoui Standard.

MR. EDITOR:

I was much gratified to see in your third No. the laudable zeal with which you call the attention of the inhabitants of the Townships to the subject of "Mutual Fire Insurance Companies," and prompt the negligent slumberers to avail themselves of the provisions of an Act which promises such general advantage to the community.

But you will allow me to observe, that the invitation which you give to the county of Shefford to unite with those of Mississkoui and Rouville is at once *untimely and gratuitous*. It is *untimely*, for the company is already formed and organized; the preliminary steps have been taken by the two counties conjointly, and all the legal formalities completed with, till it has reached its present stage, which is, *de facto et de lege*, as it is declared by the act, a *body politic and corporate*—and incapable now of admitting a third partner into the union. It is *gratuitous*, for, were such an union even *practicable* in its present stage, it must require at least the publicly expressed assent of a majority of the members already incorporated to give such a measure even a *semblance* of justice, to say nothing of its *validity*; and no one can pretend that the dissenting minority could be held responsible for pledges given to a company hearing a different designation and character. I am convinced that your own good judgment, on reflection, will accede to the correctness of these facts. It is truly desirable that Shefford should avail herself of the advantages contemplated by the Act; and as she has neglected, *a priori*, to take any measures or express any wish for such a union, till the time for it has gone by, she can still form a company within her own limits, or, if she slumber not too long, may form an alliance equally advantageous on the other side.

A small voice from Rouville.

We insert the above because we are willing to believe that it is written not from a captious motive, but from a wish to set us right in a point in which the "small voice" thinks we had erred; and because in this point is involved a principle which it may be well to discuss at present, lest afterwards it may come to be of importance.

The "small voice" holds that the advertisement calling the first meeting and that meeting, with the proceedings then adopted, constitute the contemplated Company a "body politic and corporate." If this be the case then our invitation was untimely and gratuitous; but if we shall show to the satisfaction of the "small voice" that its construction of the Act does not accord with the spirit of the Act, and is not consistent with the actual phraseology of it, then our invitation was neither untimely nor gratuitous.

The first two clauses of the Act appoint that the publication of a requisition signed by ten persons resident in the County or Counties shall be sufficient for calling a meeting of said County or Counties; that at this meeting persons resident in the County to the number of forty shall be present, and that free holders shall be authorized to open a book for receiving subscriptions. At the time when we issued our invitation these steps alone had been gone through. Now, not any one of these steps singly nor all of them taken together, do in themselves constitute the Company; they are necessary to its establishment only because the Act declares that they shall be preliminary to it.

Let us suppose that the "small voice" is correct, then the Company being a body politic and corporate could have, immediately after the opening of the subscription book, commenced operations; it could have framed bye laws, issued policies and done every thing competent for a Fire Insurance Company to do within the provisions of the Act. But where was the Board of Directors to authorize, where the President and Secretary to sign the policies, or the Treasurer to collect the premiums?—Again if the Company is at this moment a body politic and corporate, who are the members of that Company? The only answer is, those who have entered their names in the subscription book; and if a fire should consume any buildings belonging to a subscriber, the other subscribers, according to the "small voice," are bound to make up his loss, and as the Company has no Board of Directors, no Secretary nor office, there can be no experts appointed, and no suit can be raised to compel payment. We could enlarge if it were necessary, but we hope that the "small voice" is ready to accede to the correctness of our views.

The Act says, "whenever the number of persons duly qualified, who shall have signed their names in the subscription book, shall be sixty or more, and the sums for which they shall have bound themselves to effect insurance shall amount to £15,000," then the Mutual Fire Insurance Company is constituted, that is, the Company shall not be constituted until these conditions are fulfilled.

Our invitation, therefore, was not untimely nor, in our correspondent's sense of the word, gratuitous; for if Mississkoui and Rouville and Shefford had desired it, a Mutual Fire Insurance Company might have been formed so as to have comprised the three, provided the steps had been taken before the number of subscribers amounted to sixty, or before the subscriptions reached to £15,000. And the mode of doing it was for the Counties of Mississkoui and Rouville to say that the sum pledged did not amount to £15,000, when, of course, no Company could have been constituted in terms of the Act; and then to have advertised a meeting of the three Counties, and gone over the same ground again. We have stated what might have been done at the time we threw out the hint in regard to our sister County, Shefford; but we regret to see that her inhabitants took no active measures then, and the time at which the junction might have been made is now past, for we understand that the amount for Mississkoui and Rouville is now subscribed, and the meeting is called for constituting the Company. The question, in as far as these three Counties are concerned, is settled; but, if it should happen, that any County or any two Counties, after adopting the preliminaries, should find it impossible to procure the essentials, we do not hesitate to affirm, although we are no lawyer, that it is quite lawful for that County or those two Counties to call in a neighbor and begin *de novo*.

The remarks on the "assent of the majority," and "the dissenting minority," we leave untouched, for it never could enter a man's mind to force one to a voluntary action.

If the "small voice" wishes it, we shall send its further observations to the Advocate.

The Herald of 30th April has not been received at the Post Office here.

The Mail from Montreal which leaves St. Johns, we are informed, at 4 A. M. on Tuesdays does not reach this village till the day following, at 6 or 7 A. M. There must be blame somewhere; the distance by the Mail route being only 44 miles.

It is reported that Lord Canterbury has for the present declined coming to Canada as Commissioner, on the ground of severe indisposition in his family.

Our invaluable Correspondent S. D. has taken up the ground which we had marked out for ourselves, in shewing wherein the prosperity of the Townships had been checked at their first settlement by bad administrations. We refer our readers therefore, to S. D.'s esteemed communication, and with the greater pleasure, because the subject is handled so much better than we could have done ourselves.

We have received the first number of the Canada Temperance Advocate. A work solely devoted to Temperance was much wanted in Canada, and we wish the Advocate that success which its talent and the cause it has taken up so well deserve.

A religious weekly paper under the title of "Instructor" has been commenced at Montreal.

The proprietors of L'Ami du Peuple have offered a prize of fifty dollars for the best literary composition: the scene must be in Canada, the language must be the French and the author a Canadian. Our readers will from this see that the number of loyalists of French origin cannot be small since the proprietors of a loyal French paper are enabled to make the above offer.

OHIO AND MICHIGAN.—The Detroit Journal of the 10th inst. gives the following account of the state of affairs in the relation to the boundary question.

CONTEST WITH OHIO.—We learn that the commissioners appointed by the President to act as mediators between Michigan and Ohio, have had an interview with Governors Lucas and Mason, and that their mission has been unsuccessful. Gov. Lucas having refused to defer the survey of the northern boundary, and declaring that he would not yield one jot or tittle to the solicitations of the commissioners. Some difficulties have already occurred on the border. We are informed that the sheriff of Monroe and some of his deputies have been arrested in the discharge of their duties by the authorities of Ohio, and carried to Toledo. A good deal of excitement prevails at Monroe, and a serious conflict is apprehended.

The Buffalo Commercial Advertiser contains the following extract of a letter, under the date of April 4th, from Monroe. The head quarters of Gen. Brown, who has been appointed to command the military force of Michigan, are established at this place. Gov. Lucas was at Perisburg, thirty miles distant.

"Yesterday, a serious riot took place at Toledo upon the disputed ground, and the rioters were arrested by our sheriff, by virtue of process from our Michigan courts, but the rioters were rescued out of the custody of our sheriff by the Ohio dis-organizers, and they immediately went before the Ohio magistrates and plead guilty to the charge. To-morrow our Sheriff again goes there, with the posse of the county, to take the prisoners and their rescuers, which will in all probability bring the military into collision on both sides."

ELOPEMENT.

"The current of true love did never yet run smooth."

In the good olden times, when witchcraft was held in due honour and consideration, one article of the popular creed declared that those distinguished personages, who kept the fears of the true believers in such a state of feverish and agreeable excitement, could only be slain by a silver bullet, being impervious to the vulgar messenger of lead.

It is also demonstrable in these modern days, that the flames of Cupid cannot be extinguished with cold water; that they require the iron collar of Hymen, which, in a few days, is found in most cases to abate the febrile symptoms, and the patients are gradually restored to reason, though the loss of liberty usually attends them to the grave.

In illustration of this fact it may be mentioned, that recently, a sergeant in His Majesty's regiment, stationed at the Isle Aux Noix, a red whiskered son of the Emerald Isle, who was all for love and the rest for glory, committed incendiarism on the little heart of a fair damsel of 14, the grand-daughter of Job of the barracks. The father, as in duty bound, locked up the inflammable baggage—she, as in romance bound, squeezed herself through the key hole—the expectant lover, as in love and honour bound, placed his fair prize in the moored barque, yept the canoe, vulgarly a hog-trough; then, seizing the oars, dashed away a *la milizaire*, in search of that contented land, where Hymen sets at naught parents, guardians, priests and ceremonies, and forges his chains, by Yankee ingenuity, with such astonishing facility, that a set can be turned off every five seconds, for any customers, and no questions asked: for be it known, Uncle Sam's territory is one vast Gretna Green, and all his Justices of the Peace are blacksmiths singularly expert at the matrimonial forge. But alas! mirabile dictu! just before our couple had reached the magical line of 45°, an unlucky stroke of the capsize the hog trough; and in an instant, the precious contents, with all love's delicious and heated expectancies, were emptied into the cold, cold bosom of the Richelieu. The son of Mars, with red hot steaming locks, soon rose majestic above the waves, and seizing the upturned trough buoyed up his own lovely carcass. (Oh chivalry!) calling lustily for aid, while the fair innamorata meekly flourished in the waters. There had the weight of filial disobedience sunk her down to the bottom,—and thrice had the vanity of her sex and the yet unquenchable ardor of the deity enthroned within borne her up to the surface, when a *habitant* who was near at hand, with a gallantry truly characteristic of his nation, came to the rescue; and in spite of the hero's constant supplication of "come to me first!"—seized the almost expiring damsel, and dragged her to the shore. Here the hospitable appliances of warming pans, hot blankets, and brandy, soon revived the fainting pulse, and with it Cupid's unextinguished torch. The adventures of the unfortunate pair, the adventures of the *amoureux* pursuing victims pursued their way with unabated zeal to the land of promise, where the magical "par auctoritate," &c. was soon pronounced, and the consequences are yet to follow.—*Communicated.* April, 1835.

SUMMARY.

The Morning Courier of 1st May published a very interesting table of the different seigniories and the proprietors of them, dividing the seigniories into those of French Canadian origin and those of "foreign" origin. We are not a little surprised to see that the number of seigniories of "foreign" origin is exactly equal to that of seigniories of Canadian origin. This ought much more to astonish those who every day repeat that the great proprietors are all in the hands of the Canadians.—*L'Ami du Peuple.*

The line of telegraph stations between Quebec and Grosse Ile is established.

French Critique on Milton.—Milton is a tedious barbarian, who writes a commentary, in ten books of rumbling verse, on the first chapter of Genesis. He is a slovenly imitator of the Greeks; he disfigures creation, and instead of producing the world by the fiat of God, like Moses, sets the Messiah to bungle at tracing out, with a pair of compasses, of celestial manufacture. He spoils Tasos's hell and devils, and makes Satan a casuist in divinity. Upon the whole, the "Paradise Lost" is obscure, whimsical, and disagreeable.

An Irish Wedding.—A Wedding took place this week in the county Tipperary on a scale of profusion worthy of our hospitable ancestors. The guests amounted to above 200, all of whom (except three) rejoiced in the names of Ryan and Foley. The table groined under 148 lbs. of beef, 12 lbs. of mutton, with the usual relays of geese, turkeys, ducks, chickens, hams, &c. The punch was served up in cans, and the sea in bladders. There were eight pipers and five fiddlers attending their harmony to the agile evolutions of those who figured away on the light fantastic toe. Dancing was kept up to an early hour in the morning.—*Limerick Herald.*

A new Invention.—The Fauntun (Massachusetts) Whig states that a gentleman in Boston who owns a large chemical establishment, has discovered a new species of fire, which produces a most intense heat. It is produced by the mixture of tar and water. With this kind of fuel a steamboat can pass the Atlantic with the greatest safety. The discoverer declares that he can carry a steamboat from Providence to New York by using this fuel, for five dollars. It is said that the invention of the cotton-gin doubled the value of every acre of land in the Southern States; and we are of opinion that the discovery above mentioned will double the value of the steam engine. It will be especially important to engines which the greatest obstacles to the general use of locomotives upon common roads.—*N. Y. bookseller.*

AN AMERICAN EROSAST.—An American, named Porter, has proposed to the President of the United States not only to construct a balloon, as we use them ourselves, but a *real steam balloon*. It will be, it is said, of an oval-pointed form, like that of two cones united at the base, similar to that of M. Lenox, which was exhibited unsuccessfully in the Champ de Mars in Paris. Mr. Porter's balloon will be about 500 feet long, by 50 feet wide; and, instead of the usual cords there will be fixed under the widest part of the balloon a point of 50 feet long by 20 feet wide. On the floating half of this bridge a house is to be built, which will not only contain travellers, but also a steam engine of ten-horse-power to turn a wheel of great power. This wheel will be placed at the opposite extremity of the *point volant*, and will act against the currents of air by means of a rudder like the tail of a fish, to be worked from the inside by means of ropes.

OLD BACHELORS LOOK OUT!—On the last day of the session of the Maine Legislature, Mr. Smart, of Troy, introduced into the house of Representatives, a bill to tax "old bachelors for the benefit of maiden ladies of a certain age, and for their relief and comfort in old age." This created not only a long but an amusing debate. Several amendments were introduced by the *bachelors*, one of which was that every person who had been crossed in love more than five times should be exempted from the provision of the act. Mr. Jordan, of Raymond, moved to amend the bill, so that bachelors should receive a *bounty* in proportion to their ages, and advocated his motion at length. The bill was finally referred to the next Legislature, giving the bachelors ample time, if they think proper, to escape from its clutches.

A SURE SERVANT.—"Man Jack," said a farmer in the neighborhood of Glasgow, the other day, to his ploughman, "but you're an unco slow feeder." "Vera true, maister," said Jack, flourishing the spoon, "but I am a REAL SLOW ONE."

The number of miles over which the contractors carry the mail in the United States is said to be no less than twenty-six millions eight hundred and fifty-four thousand four hundred and eighty-five.

An Irishman, nearly "three sheets in the wind," was asked of what belief he was? He replied, "to the Widow Milliken. I owe her 12s. It is her belief that I will never pay her—and, faith, that's my belief too."

Extracts from Will. IV. Cap. 33.

An act to authorize the establishment of Mutual Fire Insurance Companies.

§ VII. And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, that the Board of Directors shall superintend the concerns of the company, and shall have the management of the funds and property thereof, and of all matters and things thereunto relating, not otherwise provided for by the corporation; and may from time to time elect one of their members to be President; and may appoint a Secretary and Treasurer, and such other officers, agents and assistants as they shall think necessary, and prescribe their duties, fix their compensation, take security from them for their faithful performance of their duties and remove them at pleasure; and may determine the rates of Insurance, the sum to be insured on any building or other property, and the sum to be deposited on the Insurance thereof, and shall order and direct the making and issuing of all Policies of Insurance, the providing of books, stationary and other things needful for the office of the company, and for carrying on the business thereof; and may order the Treasurer to pay the amount of any loss which may have happened to the company and any expenses incurred in transacting the affairs thereof; and may hold special meetings as often as they shall deem necessary, and shall keep a record of their proceedings and any Director disagreeing with the majority of the Board may enter his dissent on the books of the company, with his reasons for so dissenting, which book shall at all times be open to the inspection of the members of the corporation.

§ VIII. And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, that every member of the said company, shall before he receives his policy, deposit his promissory note payable on demand to the order of the corporation only, for such sum of money, not exceeding ten per cent upon the sum insured, as shall be determined by the Directors; a part of which note not exceeding five per cent shall be immediately paid for the purpose of raising a fund to defray the incidental expenses of the company, and the remainder of the sum mentioned in such note shall be payable, in part or the whole, at any time when the Directors shall deem the same to be necessary for the payment of the losses or expenses of the company; and at the expiration of the term of the Policy, the said note, or such part thereof as shall remain unpaid, and uncalled for, after all losses and expenses incurred by the company during such term shall have been paid, shall be given up to the signer thereof.

§ IX. And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, that every member of the company shall pay his proportion of all losses and expenses incurred by the said company, and all real property belonging to the insured at the time of the date of the Policy or during the continuance thereof, shall be mortgaged and hypothecated to the company, from the date of the Policy, for the amount of the promissory note given to the Directors by the party insured under this Act, provided that the company shall cause the Policy to be registered in the Registry Office of the county in which such property shall lie, if any such office there be; or otherwise in the office of the Notary nearest to the said premises.

§ X. And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, that whenever any property insured by the company, shall have been destroyed or damaged by any fire, the proprietor thereof shall within twenty days after such fire, cause a notice thereof in writing to be delivered at the office of the Secretary of the company, and that such notice shall set forth the sum claimed by such proprietor, as the amount of the loss sustained in consequence of such fire, and shall also contain the name of some freeholder of the county, in which such fire shall have happened, who shall be the expert named by the claimant, in case the amount to be paid by the company to such claimant shall be afterwards estimated by experts, in the manner provided by this Act.

§ XI. And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, that the Directors of such company shall within five days after the delivery of such notice, answer the same in writing, and shall cause such answer to be delivered at the domicile of the claimant, or to the said claimant in person, and shall state whether the directors do or do not agree to pay the sum demanded in the notice given by the claimant; and if they do not so agree, such answer shall mention the sum which the Directors are willing to pay to the claimant as the amount of such loss, and shall also contain the name of a freeholder of the county, in which such fire shall have happened, who shall be the expert appointed by the company in case the amount to be paid by the company to such claimant shall be estimated by experts as aforesaid.

§ XII. And be it further enacted by the authority aforesaid, that if the sum offered by the directors in their answer be not agreed to by the claimant, the two experts so appointed as aforesaid, shall appoint a third expert to act jointly with them, and the three experts shall give notice to the directors and to the claimant of the time and place when and where they intend to proceed to estimate the sum to be paid as aforesaid, and shall by such notice require the directors or the claimant then and there to produce such documents or parole testimony, as they may respectively wish to offer for the consideration of the experts.

ASHES, Pots per cwt. 30 0 a 31 0 } In demand.
Pearls — — — 0 0 a 31 0 }

MARRIAGES.

On North Hero, by P. Cook, Esq. Mr. Levi Derby of Caldwell's Manor, to Miss Melissa M. Williams, of North Hero.

DEATHS.

At Foucault, on the 6th instant, Margaret, wife of Ezekiel Taylor, leaving a numerous family to lament their bereavement.

CARDING & CLOTH DRESSING.

THE subscriber begs leave to inform his friends that he has taken the carding and clothier's shop of the Hon. Robert Jones, in the village of Bedford, and is now prepared to commence business in the above line in all its various branches. He trusts that his long experience, together with moderate charges and prompt attention to all work committed to his care, will ensure a liberal share of public patronage. Wool will be carded for three cents per pound, cash down; four cents, payable in January next; or five at the end of the year.
JOHN BROWN.
Bedford, May 5, 1835. 53w

CASH paid for veal skins, by J. & A. KEMP.
Frelighsburg, April 30th, 1835. 4

STRAY MARE.

STRAYED from the stable of the subscriber, on the 29th April, a light roan four years old mare, ring-boned, on the rear hind foot. Whoever will return her or give me information where she can be found, shall be handsomely rewarded.

BENJAMIN CASTLE.
Sutton, 4th May, 1835. 43w

BLACK SNAKE

WILL stand the ensuing season at Mr. Barney's, Churchville, Dunham on Mondays and Tuesdays; at Wm. Baker's Esquire, Dunham Flat on Wednesdays; the remainder of the week at the stable of the subscriber, in Frelighsburg. Terms, 5 dollars the season, payable in grain in the month of January next, or money after that period.

JOHN BAKER.

Frelighsburg, 1st May, 1835.
N. B. All casualties at the risk of the owner.

NOTICE

Shereby given that a meeting of the members of "The Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Mississkoui and Rouville," will be held at the house of Abel Smith, innkeeper, Phillipsburg, on the 27th day of May, instant, at 11 o'clock, A. M. for the purpose of electing a Board of Directors for the said company, and of transacting such other business relating to the same as the law directs.

ANTHONY RHODES,
A. C. CHAPMAN,
LYND SMITH, Jr.
M. TOWNSEND,
OLIVER FLAGG,
J. CHAMBERLIN,
JOHN W. HAPGOOD,
LEVI KEMP,
CHESTER ROBERTS,
OREN J. KEMP,
ABEL SMITH,
JAMES TAYLOR,
W. W. SMITH.

May 1st, 1835.

TO THE AFFLICTED!

DR. M. HATCH'S VEGETABLE PILL CATHOLICON;
the only
SAFE AND CERTAIN REMEDY
FOR THE
PILES

This medicine has stood the test of 20 years' experience in extensive private practice, and has stood without a rival since its introduction to the public for positively curing this troublesome complaint. Price, 5 shillings.

EWEN'S ANTIBILIOUS AND CATHARTIC

PILLS:

an easy and safe family medicine for all bilious complaints; jaundice, flatulence, indigestion, fever and ague, costiveness, headache, diarrhoea, dyspepsia, or any disease arising from a deranged state of the stomach and bowels. Price, whole boxes 2s and 6d, half boxes 1s and 3d.

DR. ASA HOLDRIDGE'S

GREEN PLASTER:

for dressing and curing immediately all kinds of fresh cuts and wounds; which from its strong adhesive qualities supersedes all other kinds of dressings; and if the directions are strictly adhered to, will in no instance require a renewal. It is also advantageously used in cleansing and healing all old sores and foul ulcers. Price, 1s and 3d.

DR. WARNER'S

INFALLIBLE ITCH OINTMENT.

Warranted to contain not a particle of mercury or other deleterious drug; and if seasonably applied will require one application only!! Price, 1s and 3d.

All the above are supported by abundant and respectable testimony, as may be seen by applying to the following agents, where the medicines may be purchased—

Haysgood, Clarenceville; Beardsley & Goodnow, Henryville; W. W. Smith, Phillipsburg; Dr. Oliver Newell, and Levi Stevens, Dunham; Cook & Foss, Bromie; Hedge & Lyman, and George Bent, Montreal; Joseph E. Barrett, post-riding, Frelighsburg, and many other Druggists and Dealers throughout the Province. 41y

THE undersigned on the arrival of the Spring shipping will have a complete assortment of CHINA, GLASS, & EARTHEN-WARE, of a superior quality, which will be disposed of on very reasonable terms.

J. GLENNON.

Montreal, May, 1835. 43m

FOR SALE,

THAT well known TAVERN STAND, in the village of Frelighsburg, situated in the corner, between Main and South streets. It is probably not saying too much to assert, that there is not a more substantial and well built house in the county; nor one, the situation of which is more PLEASANT or CENTRAL for any public business.

ALSO,

the DWELLING HOUSE, BARN, ASHERY, and other out-buildings in Brome, occupied by the subscriber as a House of Public Entertainment and Retail Store with several acres of valuable land attached—very pleasantly situated on the main road from Staunder to Montreal, and a most desirable location for a country Merchant.

Either or both of these places will be sold at a great bargain to the purchaser.

Also for sale, a few lots of WILD LAND, and PARTIALLY IMPROVED FARMS, in Brome and other Eastern Townships; very cheap for Cash.

Persons wishing to purchase any of the above, may apply personally, or by letter, to the subscriber, as Post Master, at Brome.

JACOB COOK.

Brome, May 1st, 1835. 4

HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY,

Quebec, 5d February, 1810.

RESOLVED, That after the close of the present session, before any petition is presented to this House for leave to bring in a private bill, whether for the erection of a bridge or bridges, for the regulation of a common, for making any turnpike road, or for granting to any individual or individuals any exclusive rights or privileges whatsoever, or for the alteration or renewal of any act of the Provincial Parliament, or the like purpose, notice of such application shall be given in the Quebec Gazette, and in one of the newspapers of the district, if any is published therein; and also by a notice affixed at the church door of the parishes that such application may effect, or in the most public place where there is no church, during two months at least, before such petition is presented.

24th March, 1817.

Resolved, That hereafter this House will not receive any petitions after the first fifteen days of each session.

22nd March, 1819.

Resolved, That after the present session, before any petitions praying leave to bring in a private bill for the erection of a toll bridge, is presented to this House, the person or persons proposing to petition for such bill shall upon giving the notice prescribed by the rule of the 3d day of February, 1810, also at the same time, and in the same manner, give a notice stating the toll they intend to ask, the extent of the privileges, the height of the arches, the interval between the abutments of piers for the passage of rafts and vessels, and mentioning whether they propose to erect a draw-bridge or not, and the dimensions of such draw-bridge.

4th March, 1834.

Resolved, That any petitioner for an exclusive privilege to deposit in the hands of the Clerk of this House, a sum of twenty-five pounds, before the bill for such exclusive privilege goes to a second reading, towards paying part of the expense of the said private bill, which sum shall be returned to the petitioners if they do not obtain the passage of the law. Attest,

W. B. LINDSEY, Clerk of Assembly.
Printers of Gazettes and other newspapers printed in this Province, are requested to insert the above in their respective papers in the language in which they are printed, until the next meeting of the Legislature.

POETRY.

From the Spirit and Manners of the Age.

A MOOD BY THESE A.

"Collecting toys
And trifles for choice matters,
As children gath'ring pebbles on the shore." *Milton.*

I stood upon the shore
Of the everlasting sea,
And I listened to its roar,
As an awful melody.

A well-sustained part
Of that universal strain,
Which hath burst from nature's heart,
And shall ne'er be hushed again.

I listened to its tones,
And they broke upon my ear
Like a wounded giant's groans,
Or a thunderclap of fear.

I started—at my feet
The gentle billows played;
And their murmurs were as sweet
As an evening serenade.

Away I heard them pass,
Till the faint note was gone;
And, as smooth as polished glass,
The mighty ocean shone.

And the balmy summer air
On the waters lay at rest;
Like a babe of beauty rare
Sleeping on its mother's breast.

As that beautiful babe might wake
In the watches of the night,
And the mother's slumbers break
By its gambols of delight;—

So the gentle breeze woke first,
And the breeze awoke the sea,
And from winds and waters burst
Voices, sweet, and wild and free.

There was first the wind's low sigh,
Then the murmur of the deep,
Like a mother's lullaby
Singing her babe to sleep.

But the winds would not be still,
So the waves in anger curled,
And spake out their sovereign will
In a voice to rouse the world.

Thus, an hour or two I stood
Drinking in the music strange,
Which came up from wind and flood
In mystic interchange.

In mystic interchange
Of cadence—pause—and swell:
What a hand, that could arrange
The wayward notes so well!

Thou hast perfect melody;
Thou hast no discordant tone;
But thy music, mighty Sea!
Is a music of thine own.

I cannot comprehend
How its varied notes are linked;
How most sweetly they do blend,
When most severed and distinct.

There is dimness in my heart,
There is darkness in my soul,
And, of the weakest part,
I cannot feel the whole.

It hath too vast a sphere,
And it soareth far too high,
For my ill-attuned ear,
And my erring sympathy.

But could my spirit spring
From the faint of earthly leaven,
And be taught to feel and sing
As they feel and sing in Heaven;

Oh! what music I should find,
And heart-searching melody,
In the warblings of the wind
And the everlasting sea!

But, ah! they are too deep
For my mortal heart to scan;—
And I could sit me down and weep
That I am but a man! T. R. T.

BIOGRAPHY.

ADMIRAL LORD COLLINGWOOD.

Cuthbert Collingwood was born Sept. 7, 1759, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, where his father, descended from the younger branch of an ancient family, had settled. He received all the education he ever had in his native town; and it is remarkable that of his companions at school two have since risen as well as himself from the middle ranks to the peerage; namely, the present Earl of Eldon and his brother Lord Stowell. The master of this school was the Rev. Hugh Moises, Collingwood, however, did not remain long under this gentleman's care, being sent to sea at the age of eleven. "He used," says Mr. Newnham Collingwood, who has published the most interesting life of him, "to tell, as an instance of his youth and simplicity when he first went to sea, that as he was sitting crying for his first separation from home, the first lieutenant observed him; and pitying the tender years of the poor child, spoke to him in words of much encouragement and kindness, which, as Lord Collingwood said, so won upon his heart that, taking this officer to his box, he offered him in gratitude a large piece of plum cake which his mother had given him." He was made a lieutenant in 1773, and in 1774 a commander. In 1790 he married Miss Blacket, niece of Sir Edward Blacket, Bart. By this lady, to whom he continued united by the most tender affection till his death, he had two daughters, who survived him. In 1794 he was present, as flag captain on board the Prince, at Lord Howe's great victory of the 1st of June. In 1797 he commanded the Excellent at the battle of Cape St. Vincent. In 1799 he was made an Admiral. The few months of peace which followed the treaty of Amiens he spent at home in the society of his wife and children. "During this short period of happiness and rest," says his biographer, "he was occupied in superintending the education of his daughters, and in continuing those habits of study which had long been familiar to him. His reading was extensive, particularly in history; and it was his constant practice to exercise himself in composition, by making abstracts from the books which he read; and some of his abridgements, with the observations by which he illustrated them, are written with singular conciseness and power. I know not, said one of the most eminent English diplomatists with whom he had afterwards very frequent communications, I know not where Lord Collingwood got his style, but he writes better than any of us. The next great action in which Collingwood was engaged was the ever-memorable fight of Trafalgar, on which occasion he was second in command under Nelson, between whom and himself there had long subsisted an intimate friendship. When Nelson received his death-wound, Collingwood took the command of the fleet; and for his admirable conduct, both in the battle and after it was over, he was raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Collingwood. From a very early period of his nautical life Lord Collingwood had been distinguished for the happy art by which he secured at once both the obedience and the affection of all who were placed under his command. When he was in the Excellent, Lord St. Vincent used to draft all the most unmanageable spirits of the fleet into that ship, certain, as he said, that Collingwood, if any man could, would reform them. "As his experience in command and his knowl-

edge of the dispositions of men increased," says the writer of his life, "his abhorrence of corporal punishment grew daily stronger; and in the latter part of his life, more than a year has often passed away without his having resorted to it even once. 'I wish I were the Captain for your sakes,' cried Lieutenant Clavell one day, 'when, shortly after, who were doing their duty ill. When, shortly after, a person touched him on the shoulder, and, turning round, he saw the Admiral, who had overheard him. 'And pray, Clavell, what would you have done, if you had been Captain?' 'I would have flogged them well, sir.' 'No, you would not, Clavell; no you would not,' he replied; 'I know you better.' He used to tell the ship's company that he was determined that the youngest midshipman should be obeyed as implicitly as himself, and that he would punish with great severity any instance to the contrary. When a midshipman made a complaint, he would order the man for punishment the next day; and, in the interval, calling the boy down to him, would say, 'In all probability the fault was yours; but whether it were or not, I am sure it would go to your heart to see a man old enough to be your father disgraced and punished on your account; and it will therefore give me a good opinion of your disposition, if, when he is brought out, you ask for his pardon.' When this recommendation, coming as it did like an order, was complied with, and the lad interceded for the prisoner, Captain Collingwood would make great apparent difficulty in yielding; but at length would say, 'This young gentleman has pleaded so humanely for you, that, in the hope that you will feel a due gratitude to him for his benevolence, I will for this time overlook your offence.' The punishments which he substituted for the lash were of many kinds, such as watering the grog, and other modes now happily general in the navy. Among the rest was one which the men peculiarly dreaded. It was the ordering an offender to be excluded from his mess, and to be employed in every sort of extra duty; so that he was every moment liable to be called upon deck for the meanest service, amid the laughter and jeers of the men and boys. Such an effect had this upon the sailors that they have often declared that they would much prefer having three dozen lashes; and, to avoid the recurrence of this punishment, the worst characters never failed to become quiet and orderly. How he sought to amuse and occupy the attention of the men appears in some of these instances. When they were sick, even while he was an admiral, he visited them daily, and supplied them from his own table; and when they were convalescent, they were put into the charge of the lieutenant of the morning watch, and daily brought up to the Admiral for examination by him. The result of this conduct was, that the sailors considered him as called him their father; and frequently, when he changed his ship, many of the men were seen in tears at his departure. But with all this there was no man who less courted, or, to speak more truly, who held in more entire contempt, what is ordinarily styled popularity. He was never known to unbend with his men; while, at the same time, he never used any coarse or violent language to them himself, or permitted it in others. 'If you do not know a man's name,' he used to say to the officers, 'call him, sir, and not you, sir, and such other appellations; they are offensive and improper.' With regard to expressions, it may be added that, after the occurrences at the Nile, he had the most decided objection to the use of the word mutiny. When complaints were made of conduct which was designated as mutinous, he would exclaim, 'Mutiny, sir! mutiny in my ship! If it can have arrived at that, it must be my fault, and the fault of every one of the officers. It is a charge of the gravest nature, and it shall be most gravely inquired into. With this view of his feeling on this subject, the officer was generally induced to consider and represent the matter more lightly, or sometimes to pass it over altogether. This admirable man died at last, as he had lived, in the service of his country, having remained on the foreign station to which he had been sent by the Government long after the state of his health would have entitled him to resign his command, and until, indeed, he had left himself no chance of recovery. At last, in the beginning of March, 1810, when his nature was almost entirely exhausted, it was resolved that he should set sail for England from off Minorca, where he was then cruising. "When Lord Collingwood," says his biographer, "was informed that he was again at sea, he rallied for a time his exhausted strength, and said to those around him, 'Then I may yet live to meet the French once more.' On the morning of the 24th there was a considerable swell, and his friend Captain Thomas, on entering his cabin, observed that he feared the motion of the vessel disturbed him. 'No, Thomas,' he replied, 'I am now in a state in which nothing in this world can disturb me more. I am dying; and I am sure it must be consolatory to you and to all who love me, to see how comfortably I am coming to my end.' He told of his attendants that he had endeavored to review, as far as was possible, all the actions of his past life, and that he had the happiness to say that nothing gave him a moment's uneasiness. He spoke at times of his absent family, and of the doubtful contest in which he was about to leave his country involved, but ever with calmness and perfect resignation to the will of God; and in this blessed state of mind, after taking an affectionate farewell of his attendants, he expired without a struggle, at six o'clock in the evening of that day, having attained the age of fifty-nine years and 6 months."

From the *Amulet*.

THE ROSE OF FENNOCK DALE.

(A True Story.)

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

"My good name is gone, Jane;
My joys are all flown, Jane;
My hope is alone

In the land of the dead."

Old Scotch Ballad.

"Do not grieve so, my sister," said Frances Dillon; "do not sorrow as those without hope; do not mourn as those who have no comforter. See, even the bonny roses that have no hour ago I placed in your bosom, are covered with your tears," she continued, while a bright smile played for a moment over her anxious face. Rose looked on the flowers; and, while her blooming sister shook their drooping leaves, she extended her arm, and pushed from her forehead the clustering curls; yes, my tears blight your roses, just as my sorrow blight your happiness. Alas! alas! that I cannot alone suffer, who am alone guilty."

She raised her dark and expressive, but almost rayless eyes to the unclouded sky; and still more rapidly the tears passed along her pallid cheek.

It was a fine clear evening in September; and perhaps nature had never blessed such a solitary spot with so much beauty. A narrow trout stream gurgled through the dell, that was adorned by groups of pine, ash, and platanus; the bright purple and yellow of autumn singly tinged their foliage; the surrounding heights were speckled with sheep; and on the slope of one of the most distant hills, the white spire of the village church of D—peered over the lofty trees that seemed anxious to conceal it from the profane and vulgar gaze. The bank of the stream on which stood the cottage of Frances Dillon, embowered in fragrance, like the nest of the cushat dove, was carpeted with purple thyme; while the hair-bell, the fragile poppy, and the sky-tinted cyanus, bordered the pathway that led to her sweet but humble abode. Myriads of singing birds nurtured their young, and poured forth their melody in their fairy scene; the timid partridge, in spring, hardly evaded the foot of the village girls; the robin, every where familiar, was there an inmate; and the green woodpecker remained undisturbed in its beech tree haunt, even by the barking of old Ranger, who, participating in the feelings of his

young mistress, suffered bird, rabbit, and squirrel, to pass and repass his path unmolested.

Frances was the youngest, and Rose—the withering Rose—the once "bonny rose of Fennock Dale," the eldest child of respectable and industrious parents. Rose was ten years older than Frances; and the younger had at one time been so accustomed to look up to the elder sister as an example of female excellence, as well as of female loveliness, that even at the period to which I have just alluded, Frances often fancied the tale of Rose's wretchedness a dream.

Time was, when every feeling of that poor girl's ingenuous heart sent the crimson blush to that pale cheek: time was, when the brilliancy of those fine dark eyes dazzled all who looked on them;—now that cheek is indeed faded; those eyes have become rayless; the bounding step is changed to a feeble totter: the joyous voice is now hardly articulate. Her form and features are indeed still beautiful; but the character of their beauty is sadly, is fearfully altered. Once she was—but what avails it now! What is the violet, robbed of its perfume?—what is the lily, when its purity is stained?—what is the casket, when the jewel is stolen? Alas, that such smiles should apply to Rose Dillon.

Her mother died when Frances was only two years old; and to this infant, Rose was all that even an affectionate parent could have been. Her beauty, her wit, but above all her tenderness to her sister, were the constant subjects of village panegyric; and many ardent admirers watched the steps of the rustic beauty, as she ascended to the church of D—, leaning on her father's arm, and supporting the still tottering steps of the little Fanny.

With many virtues, Rose was too great a favorite not to possess many faults. Her tastes were so often consulted by the village girls—their affectionate attention to her father and sister so prized by the village pastor—and her beauty and superior accomplishments so admired by the young, and even the aged inhabitants of D—, that weeds soon sprung up and mingled with the flowers. They were, indeed, weeds that might have been easily rooted out; but unhappily her indulgent father saw them not, and they grew on unchecked. She was impatient of restraint, fond of display, too often angry, and sometimes, though not frequently, haughty to her equals. "Tis true, that tears of sorrow usually followed, when she had been angry without a cause, or had wounded the feelings of her village friends; but such bursts of tenderness did not teach her the luxury of self-control; and the noble generosity of her disposition made those, who ought to have corrected this growing evil, forget the past in the present. She was idolized by the poor, for she was truly kind to them; and when she sighed for wealth and power, she fancied it was only that she might become the Lady Bountiful of Fennock Dale.

Sometimes the pastor would seriously lecture her on her love of dress.—"The flowers," she would answer, grieve in my father's garden; and it was only to please him that I twined this jessamine in my hair: surely, dear sir, there can be no harm in gratifying my beloved parent."

Alas! how truly did he tell her, that the love of ornament creeps slowly, but surely, into the female heart;—that the girl who twines the lily in her tresses, and looks at herself in the clear stream, will soon wish that the lily was fadeless, and the stream a mirror.

A circumstance occurred, when Rose was about eighteen, which caused her father bitter sorrow; and he feared that his child had imbibed "high-flighted" notions, for which, poor man, he could not account.

George Douglas was the son of an opulent gardener in the village of D—, and he had been long and sincerely attached to Rose Dillon. Her father, urged, in strong and affectionate language, the suit of this upright and generous youth; but a scornful smile curled her lip, as she told her parent, "it was quite impossible that she should marry any man in Mr. Douglas's situation."

"Situation," Rose, repeated the astonished Dillon; "what do you mean by situation? George Douglas is a pattern for village youths. He has loved you long—since childhood you have known each other. Who can say they saw George idle—who ever saw him intoxicated? His word is his bond; and, ah! Rose, in the house of God, have ye not marked his godly and pious conduct?" "I cannot find fault in any way with George. I love him as a brother; but, indeed, father, I could not marry the son of a—." She paused, ashamed of her own feelings. "The son of whom, Rose?" said her father, really angry. "I hoped, child, that I did not at first understand you. What means this pride? The son of an English yeoman, whose situation in life is equal, whose wealth is superior to mine—I ask what you mean by this?"

Rose wept; and Heterick Dillon, the tender, too tender parent, was softened. "Well, do not cry, Rose: I would not make thee unhappy, child, for the wealth of worlds; but God!" (the old man clasped his hands)—"God of his infinite mercy grant that you may be as happy with the man of your own choice as you would have been with poor George."

Rose kissed her father, and assured him that she would never marry but for his or her sister's advantage.

The old man drew himself up to his full and majestic height. "Daughter, all I desire is, that you may ever support the honest character bequeathed you by your forefathers. The Dillons have lived in Fennock Dale nearly two hundred years—their daughters without spot—their sons without blemish. I want nothing from my children but their affection,—and that," he added, "they will not refuse their grey-headed father." Long and fervent were the prayers of the old man that night for this wayward child. Two or three years passed away—Rose increased in beauty—but her faults had not departed with time.

D—Park the residence of the Earl of D—, had been long neglected by its possessors; but an uninterrupted course of dissipation at length obliged the Earl and his wife out Countess to rusticate for some months at their beautiful seat. What village, ever so remote, has not at one time or other, experienced the contagion of vice—the origin of which can be too often traced to some of the beau monde, making it their place of refuge from debts and guns; and, in exchange for the shelter they receive, imparting their follies to its unsuspicious, admiring and wondering inhabitants! Half-pay officers, briefless barristers, and the junior branches of the nobility, are always anxious for a few weeks' fishing or shooting; and many of this description wished (most distastefully, no doubt,) to prevent their dear and noble friends from feeling the sudden change from St. James's Square to D—too melancholy, and volunteered their services to spend a short time with them, much to the discomfiture of the lord, who wished to retreat, and to the joy of the pleasure-loving lady. Perhaps there are few things more distressing than to witness the profanation of a sweet and retired village, by the thoughtless and the vicious crowding the train of some mighty noble, who visits his paternal estates, not certainly, as the dispenser of blessings. To hear the murderous gun, where the loudest sound had been the cooing of the wood pigeon, or the

cawing of the venerable rook...to see the scarlet jacket of the brutal huntsman glaring through the green wood, and then a train of lordly men pursue to death the timid hare...sweet commoner of nature's wildest paths! The village youth instead of inhaling the perfumed air, or joining in merrily sport on the open green...now within the walls of the bathhouse "public," betting, drinking, and swearing, with my lord's lackey, or the colonel's body-guard. And the sweet village maid, heretofore so pure...so devoid of art and guile, with the bright tint of innocence on their cheeks, and the words of truth on their lips...changed by the flattery of the men, and the example of the city misses, into...what it makes one's blood curdle to think upon.

The beauty of Rose Dillon was of so commanding and striking a nature, that she was soon designated, at the Park, as the "haughty maid of Fennock Dale." She smiled contemptuously at the politeness of the Earl's own gentleman; and even the French valet...the man of essence and elegance—a coiffeur, and a decider on matters of virtue, met with nothing but her ridicule: the village girls wondered...and the pastor and her father extolled her strength of mind.

One fine spring morning, little Frances wandered farther than usual from her father's cottage, and stooping to gather a bunch of primroses, which peered through the green sedges that skirted the trout stream, her foot slipped, and she fell in. A gentleman who was fishing near the spot heard the splash, and with much promptitude and decision, rescued the child from a watery grave. As one of the visitors at D—Park, he had heard of the beauty of Rose, and was pleased to have an opportunity of seeing the "Rose of Fennock Dale"...who, bending over the body of her half-lifeless sister, far surpassed what this man of fashion had expected to behold.

The first feeling of Rose's heart towards the preserver of her sister was gratitude...her next, admiration: his noble and insinuating manners, his fine form, and his expressive face, were all objects of admiration to the unsuspicious girl. She thought the world unblemished as the book of nature—she had never found the poison of the acconite in the perfume of the rose, or the deadly hue of the nightshade on the white bosom of the lily.

Greville thought Rose the most beautiful girl he had ever met. In the brilliant circles in which he moved, both in London and Paris, he had seen nothing like her: he was wearied of the match-making mothers and husband hunting daughters, who crowd our assemblies: he was wearied of conversational, where stars and blues and literary sip weak tea, and—"blacker...bitterer stuff"—ennui devoured him, and he sought refuge at D—Park, where, until he beheld Rose Dillon, he saw nothing to amuse his restless mind. He had served his country, and the laurel was yet fresh on his brow: foremost in the battle-field, and gayest in the hall, Greville was still the slave of his passions—the victim of his vices: he called the mild doctrines of Christianity, priestcraft; forgiveness of injuries, cowardice; Voltaire was his oracle; Rousseau, the fatally insinuating Rousseau, his high priest. Saved 'midst the slaughter of thousands—"twas chance," he said, "that turned the thunderbolt of war."

To his surprise he found Rose's mental powers much superior to her birth and station, and he soon discovered in her the pride that "leadeth to destruction." To marry her was contrary to his feelings and interests; and basely and wickedly did he labour to undermine her principles, that she might become his prey; but so he called it not. He called it "emancipating her free-born mind"—"teaching her to read the book of nature"—"casting off the trammels of a foolish world"—"making use of the noble gift of reason." He was too skillful a courtier—too wise in wickedness, to frighten her at once by the doctrines of deism; but gradually and cautiously did he labour to sap the foundation, on which her honest and virtuous parents had built.

Then how dull and cold to her once attentive ear became the precepts of the village pastor—how wearisome the ascent to the village church—the endearments of Frances became troublesome; but when at night her venerable father opened the book of life, and read the holy Scriptures, in his usual firm, unbroken tone, Rose's spirit sunk, and felt sick, and troubled; her voice sounded faintly in the evening hymn, and the unbidden truth flashed not unfrequently across her mind, that her father's home was not in Fennock Dale.

It is painful to trace the events that followed—suffice it, that in six months from the time that Greville saved the life of the little Frances, Fennock Dale cottage had no mistress—Heterick Dillon but one child that he called his own.

But weak as was the fabric, and powerful as had been the attack, the only way that Greville could accomplish his object was by a feigned marriage; this with so accomplished a villain, was a matter of little consequence. And when the truth was afterwards revealed to his wretched victim, there was not sufficient virtue left to induce her to pursue the only course by which repentance could have been availing.

Alas! what bitterness—what heart-grief was in the once happy dwelling of her father!—but there is a voice which speaks peace to every wounded heart. And, as years passed on, old Heterick prayed that she—that lost one, might yet find refuge in a Saviour's dying love.

The flowers of Fennock Dale still bloomed sweetly; the trout-stream still reflected the clear blue heavens and the clustering trees; and the bustle and misery, occasioned by the Earl of D's sojournment at D—Park, had passed; but the bitterness of death was in Dillon's cottage.

"Raise me up, Frances," said the old man, "and let me once more see the sun sink behind the hills." The beauty of age equals that of youth, though its character is so very different. He was noble even in his dying hour. His white hair, thinly scattered over his wrinkled forehead; and then his lovely child, kneeling at his bedside; her fair white arms resting on the large old Bible; her lay widely open on the snowy coverlet—her almost breathless gaze turned to her reverend parent...it was a beautiful picture, and language cannot do it justice.

Weeks—months rolled on; Rose neither spoke nor wept. Her brain was seared; her heart was breaking. Frances amply returned the care her sister once bestowed on her. Night and day the tender girl watched the flickering reason of the wretched sister; and when she did, at length, speak and weep, extracted from her, at intervals, the tale of her miseries. Greville's love was like the desert whirlwind—fierce and destructive; it soon passed away. But he was proud of Rose; and her devoted attachment gratified his vanity; while her mental energies commanded his respect. She followed him to the sultry eastern climes, and preserved his life more than once by her judgment and care. Two of her children fell victims to the climate; a third just reached the English shore, and expired. Yet Rose lived true to her first...her only love, and almost smiled in bitter scorn, at the wreck of a mother's hopes. Greville was still with her.

The thunderbolt was about to rend her last earthly happiness; if, indeed, guilt and happiness can ever be, even for a moment, united. Greville, married! and to another; nay, the idol of her adoration! Impossible! but so it was; and with mixed emotions of grief and despair, she fled the abode of infamy. The wounded dove, even from foreign climes, will try to regain the home from which the plunderer's hand has snatched it.

Rose Dillon turned her steps towards the cot of her forefathers. She paused, and saved herself on the style that led to the village church yard. Two peasants passed. "I know he cannot last till morning," said one. "He would have been a hale old man even now, had it not been for that jade who brought his grey hairs with sorrow to his grave. But never mind; she'll never know rest or peace. The curse will follow her to her dying day. You had a lucky escape, Douglas, when she refused you; an ungrateful daughter could never have made a good wife." She heard no more, but rushed madly down the vale, once the abode of her innocent and happy days.

"There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked;" but there is pardon to those who repent, and peace to those who trust in a Saviour's mercy.—She did repent. In that mercy, she trusted; and, doubtless, that pardon she obtained.

Rose would sit for hours with her eyes fixed on the words her dying father's hand had traced; and when, at the end of two years, the gentle and virtuous Frances consigned to the silent turf the remains of her sister, the aged pastor, who remembered the early beauty of her who had drained the cup of sorrow and of death, in a few emphatic words, told of her penitence, and of her faith in Christ.

"Conscious," said he, "of her faults—humiliated to a sense of her own unworthiness—shorn of that pride which was her bane; Rose Dillon breathed out her spirit in prayers and thanksgivings to that Being, who, at the last, received her into his fold.

"You, my young friends, whom she knew, in infancy, and who saw her spirit quiver, on her lips, when, in her dying moments, she summoned you to her bedside, that you might hear the last wishes of a dying penitent, will not easily forget the scene."

The foot stone of Heterick Dillon's grave is at the head of Rose's. Sweet in the early spring are the violets and primroses that blossom round it. No gaudy flowers mark it, even during the smiling happy days of summer; but the pale starry-eyed jessamine, the wild rose, and the creeping honeysuckle, guard the greensward from the noon-tide sun. And though the village girls do not garland it with flowers, you may often see them, standing and gazing, silently, and with tearful eyes, over the humble grave of Rose Dillon.

REAL ESTATE.

FOR SALE, in the Township of Dunham, a farm, containing one hundred and forty acres, being part of lot No. 12, in the 2d range. About 100 acres are under a good state of cultivation. There are on this farm a frame dwelling house, thirty feet by forty, one story and a half high, well finished; two large barns; sheds; and a good orchard: all in good condition.

ALSO, the west half of lot No. 4, in the 4th range, in the Township of Dunham, containing 100 acres; and about 12 acres of No. 4 in the 5th range: about 43 acres of said pieces being improved.

ALSO, in the Township of Sutton, a farm containing 260 acres; being lot No. 5, in the 7th range; having about 40 acres of improved land, with a good log house, and frame barn thereon.

ALSO, forty-five acres of land, in the East parish of the Signiory of St. Armand, being part of lot No. 16, in the 14th range, with a small frame-house well finished, and a barn thereon; and having about twenty-five acres of improved land, situated within one mile of the village of Freilshurg.

All the above described lands are of an excellent quality, and will be sold at a cheap rate. One half of the purchase money will be required on signing the deed, the other half may remain in the purchasers hands for three or four years if desired. Indisputable titles will be given.

Any person wishing to purchase the whole or any part of the above, can obtain further information, by applying to the subscriber, in the village of Freilshurg.

OREN J. KEMP.

St. Armand, 27th April, 1835.

FOR SALE, PLOUGHS and Plough POINTS, "Stow's make." Also, Ploughs to fit Stanbridge Ploughs. Inquire of H. M. CHANDLER.

Freilshurg, 27th April, 1835.

FOR SALE,

TWO VILLAGE LOTS, on one is a small Dwelling House and Wheelwright Shop, on the other is a two story House and small horse Barn; both of which are situated in the village of Freilshurg, convenient for mechanics, and will be sold cheap. For particulars inquire of C. H. Huntington, or the subscriber. HENRY BRIGHT.

April 15th, 1835.

NOTICE.

THE subscriber advises all persons indebted to the Notarial and Registry offices, held at this village, to call and settle the same without delay, as in default thereof legal measures will be taken to compel payment.

S. P. LALANNE, Deputy Registrar. Missiskoui County Registry Office. Freilshurg, 20th April, 1835.

TO LET.

THE STORE, ASHERY, DISTILLERY, and part of the SHED, situated at Churchville, belonging to the estate and succession of the late John Church, Jr. and consort, for a term of years, and possession given immediately.

For Sale, upon the aforesaid premises, 45 bushels of wheat, 50 do. corn, 150 do. oats, and 250 bushels of potatoes. Also, a quantity of rye, buck-wheat, and about 15 tons good barn hay. For further particulars inquire of either of the undersigned. All persons indebted to the said estate will find it for their interest to settle the same immediately.

JOSHUA CHAMBERLIN, Executors. SAMUEL WOOD, & Tutors. Churchville, 1st April, 1835.